

FanFiction Authors #2: The Strange

by fishie

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The Strange

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Cont. from #1:

*N Sync were advancing on us.

"Psst, ~Utahraptor~;)," Mette whispered. "Go distract them."

"Me, why me?" asked ~Utahraptor~;).

"Because you like them!" Brat Girl said.

"Oh yeah," said ~Utahraptor~;). She got up and ran out of the building. She jumped onto Justin and hugged him. She made a gesture to the rest of us, like _come here._

We shuddered and went over to *N Sync. I covered my BSB T-shirt with my hands. Pretending to like *N Sync, I figured Lance didn't look too _too _bad so I went over to him and jumped on him. Chris looked down at my shirt. "Hey is that us?" he asked. I nodded, too scared to talk.

"Wow, I never realized we looked so good." He turned away. I breathed a sigh of relief and slid off of Lance, shaking in terror.

"Um, well we should probably goâ€¦!" JC said. Andalite Girl and Tobiasrulz pried ~Utahraptor~;) off of Justin. *N Sync got back into their bus spaceship thingy and flew away. We looked at each other and brushed ourselves off, screaming, "Ew!" We all shuddered and ran to our houses to take showers. Except ~Utahraptor~;), she walked home happily, hugging her *N Sync CD to her chest.

I got home at exactly 2 seconds after nine and was promptly grounded. My little sister laughed at me, and my little brother came into my room and threw my CDs around. Luckily, he didn't break my BSB CD, or he'd be dead.

I didn't even care. I just fell asleep as soon as my head touched my pillow.

The next morning I awoke with a terrible headache. I got up and went to school. As I came in, I noticed a few teachers talking about some fanfiction author landing in the Old Abandoned Construction Site. I crept behind the corner to hear without being seen.

"They are some of _them,_ " Steve-0 said, suddenly appearing behind me. I was startled so I jumped out from my hiding spot, right in the middle of Mr. Hutter and Mr. Chatlek. Mr. Hutter was the insane reading teacher who liked to have the students write summeries on newspaper articles. Mr. Chatlek...well he had been around since dinosaurs roamed the earth.

"What do _you_ want?" Mr. Hutter demanded. I gulped. "Nothing! I was just, uh...I um, saw a spider and it scared me!" I stuttered. He rolled his eyes.

"What about you?" he asked of Steve-0, who had been watching me look like a fool in front of the teachers.

"I'm from the Crisis Control Center," said Steve-0. "I'm watching for students who may be on the verge of a mental breakdown. You, come with me," he said, pointing to me.

I shrugged. "You're the boss." I followed Steve-0 into the hall away from the teachers. We went into the cafeteria, where I was suprised to see all my acquaintences from the construction site. ~Utahraptor~;) was still hugging her CD. I wondered if it still worked, but I wasn't willing to test it.

Kyra stepped into the middle of the circle. "Ahem," she says. No one listens. "I SAID AHEM!" she shrieks, quieting everybody down quickly. "I have an annoucement. You know that weird Jay person who gave us these powers? He's my uncle!"

Everybody bursts out laughing.

"He gave me this book too," Kyra says, holding up a thick book titled, 'How to stop the Bad Fan Fic Authors Control Center.'

"Any good info?" asks Veggie Freak.

"Yeah, it tells you how to free a enslaved person," Andalite Girl

says. "You just have to slap them upside the head."

"Neato!" Brat Girl says. "But how are they enslaved in the first place?"

Kyra flips a few pages in the book. "They are hynotized into thinking that fanfic is bad."

"That's just wrong," says Mette. "What cruel people!"

"Are these powers even real?" I suddenly speak up.

"I don't know. Let's try them," says Brat Girl. She points at the far side of the room and the Animorphs appear.

"What the-" says Rachel.

"Where are we?" asks Jake.

Suddenly the hall monitor comes in and assigns us all a detention, including the Animorphs.

Later in detention...
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I am sitting there, holding my report card with shaking hands. I carefully open it and look at the grades...

"A C!" I hiss under my breath. That stupid Pre Algebra. I look at the rest. 3 Bs, 5 As. I guess my parents will let me live...

A note is suddenly dropped on my desk as Tobiasrulz passes by. I quickly and quietly open it.

'Meet me at the football field after class. Pass it on.'

I crumpled the note up and tossed it on the desk behind me, where Kyra was sitting, staring out the window.

The bell finally rang, scaring half of us out of our seats. We left and gathered on the football field. Marco raises his hand. "Can we go home now?" he asks.

"Whatever," Brat Girl says, zapping them away. "Wow it sure is quieter without them complaining."

"Yeah," everybody agrees. Except me. "I think I heard something," I say. The others become quiet and and strain to hear what is making the noises.

A team of men wearing long white trenchcoats marked with the initials BFFACC march across the field toward us.

"Uh-oh..." Mette says.

TO BE CONTINUED...AGAIN

Questions, comments? Email me: fishie@lakmail.com or IM me:
backstreetgirl_1986
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file.